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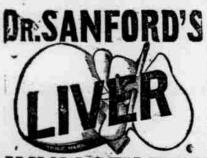
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Weston

Weekly

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VOL VII.

WESTON, UMATILLA COUNTY, OREGON, JUNE 26, 1885.

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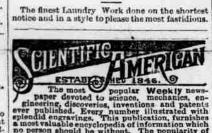
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PSALMS 122: 1. Divine service at the First Baptist every Thursday at 7 p. m. All are cor-dially invited to attend these services.

W. H. PRUETT, Pastor.

PATENTS

S. Patent Office, and we can obtain patents in less time than those remote from lacked one of the important elements lence here. atent is allowed.

the Supt. of Money Order Div., and to officials of the U. S. Patent Office. For cious credulity. The scene of the search his forehead with a quick motion natucircular, advice, terms, and references to actual clients in your own State or

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LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

-Fresh candies and Fourth of July goods at F. M. Pauly's.

-The crops around Adams give promse of a most bountiful yield. -A nice line of candies and nuts at

J. J. Bauta & Co., Centerville. -Mrs. W. B. Mays and children came up from Pendleton on a visit last

week. -Mayor White and Mr. McMorris have had their dwellings raised from the ground.

dist church in Weston this summer een abandoned? -Don't fail to call on J. J. Banta &

Oils before you buy.

who murdered Hilton. -Last Sunday a solemn stillness pervaded the town. The campmeeting on the mountain and the horse race(?) on the

first baseman went to Portland last week and will perhaps remain there per-

try. The LEADER rejoices in their -Many years ago, so the legend runs party of army officers from Fort Walla stirring in her heart. Walla, accompanied by guides and servants, was journeying along the trail for the summer with an old friend of the spirit of prospecting. The shevel and handsome. and pan were their constant compan- Just now Jack Grey was in disgrace, ions. The fitful tever of the mining excitement lingers still. It is no longer prank played in the neighboring town epidemic; but sporadic cases are not a few days before. unfrequent. The first night out the must have been during a Democrat ad- Ray to say softly:

ministration. The party proceeded. In an encounter with Indians the man who Jack?" dug the prospect hole was killed. He His face flushed and his lips quivered is still dead. Those were stirring times as he raised himself to his feet before and he was probably soon forgotten, but answering: his rich find was held in sacred remembrance by his surviving comrades. old when she died." "Twes ever thus. In a few years one He checked himself suddenly and be or two of the party returned to this gan to move away from the door. country. At least one of them settled here. He is here yet. It was remem- girl exclaimed, going down the steps bered by these men that Florence, one after him. "I am sorry for you, truly. of the richest camps on the coast, was I haven't any mother, you know, though located on just such an elevated basin papa is as good to me as he can be."

"Let us go into the house of the Lord," as that on the Walla Walla trail that home or abroad attended to for moder- of the original party is as hepeful as er to be a good man." ate fees. Our office is opposite the U. ever. But looking for the last lake Her faltering voice dropped into ai-

Washington. Send Model or Drawing. of adventure. There was little or no The mist was rolling up from the danger attendant upon it. Prospecting shore, and the clear, solemn sound of We refer, here, to the Postmaster, sometimes of sturdy youths -used to their ears on the evening air. the element of danger to the uncertain- white-robed figure.

HO FOR THE WOODS

Out of the madding crowd. Away from wolfish care,

In the stretch of the iron track, To the north-land's wind-swept lakes, And its hemlock shadows black.

Cast not a look behind At the cornfields, waving black Or the white heat quivering o'er The wheat-land's golden back;

-Has the idea of building a Metho-But on, with deep desire,

Co., and get their prices an Machine -Sheriff Martin offers \$200 reward

for the capture and delivery at any jail this side of the Rockies of Indian Henry

Reservation accounted for it. -H. A. Nelson the Blue Mountain's

manently as a professional player.

-Mr. P. A. Worthington has just eturned from a trip to his Willow creek farm. He reports all grain in the vicinity of Lexington and Penland Buttes as full of promise. The wheat is not so rank as in this neighborhood but it is healthy and headed out in good shape. Some fields will certainly make thirty bushels to the acre. Most of the wheat is too thin; and this will reduce the general average, which, all over that country, will be from seventeen to twenty bushels to the acre. Barley looks exceedingly well. Alfalfa has been tried in several places and gives premise of thriving fairly. The experiment of tarming in the Willow creek country has proved a success. The present crop prospects are encouraging to the settlers and will give an enhanced value to farms in that part of the coun-

party camped on the summit of a range Mr. Grey told her father that he could of hills somewhere between the Walla put up with Jack's lawless ways no Walla river and the north fork of the longer, and so had procured him a berth Umatilla, and both these streams are on board a merchant ship which would here to this day. It was a dry camp. sail on the following day for China. Not far from the halting place was a To sixteen-year-old Ray, so loved and little lake, or what had formerly been a petted by her father, this seemed a terlittle lake. The exact location of this rible thing to be separated from home depression is not now definitely known, and friends, to be sent to that strange, Near the rim of this basin one of the far-away country for an indefinite guides, who is dead at present, dug a length of time; and so she paused in prospect hole. He struck bedrock and the doorway and looked gravely at the found pay dirt of excellent quality. He youth, who, with his hands clasped filled his pan and carried it to camp, about one knee and his dark head There being a scarcity of water, he thrown back against the door frame, carried it with him the next morning was staring upward with wide, bright to the north fork of the Umatilla, eyes, seeing nothing and thinking unut-Upon washing the dirt it panned out terable things. fourteen dollars, or some other great | There was a bitter curl on the proud amount. The party was in the govern- young lips. ment service and could not return. It

On the might of white-winged stream Away through the July glare;

What hope and promised peace,

And ne'er a backward thought Of the pulsing, dusty ways, Where thick walls mesh the sun And thrall the burning days.

And jagged pines keep watch By th' white beach evermore Where Norway columns red, Lift dusty arches high,

Murmurous as summer seas, To north-land's violet sky. There, where no axe bath cleft In solitudes profound The sinuous trout streams run,

Darkling the rocks around: And by some lonely lake The red deer antiered stands 'Mid flowering lily-pads, Beyond its hoof marked sands When evening's sun sinks low,

In deeps of rose and gold, When weird loons, shrills high, In strong flight, swift and bold When mellow whip-poor-wills Make sweet the thicket's gloam And through the clear, crisp dusk, The whizzing night-hawks roam

Then pile the resined logs "Till red flames flush the night, And showers of sparks on high Glow each tall pine alight: As jest or storics pass From lip to lip with zest,

Like children out of school Recline in careless rest. Then think, in blest content, Of summer's quivering heat, O'er field and parching plain, And the pulsing, dusty street; Fair gleams the forest tent

Against night's starry crown, And sweet its homlock couch As monarch's bed of down. -MRS. M. E. BANTA, in Forest and Stream

JACK'S ANCHOR. Little Ray Edmonds, tripping down stairs in the August twilight, saw a dark figure sitting on the door step, and hesitated with a vague sense of pity door.

that then led to the Grande Ronde val. Mr. Edmonds, and the figure on the office," ley. The trail has almost disappeared. step was that of their host's son, a wild Many men in those days were full of young fellow of twenty, tall, graceful around the room as each one recalled having been ringleader in some wild

Ray had been a silent listener when

Some unaccountable impulse moved "Do you remember your mother,

"Oh, yes, Miss Ray; I was ten years

"Don't run away from me, Jack," the

"Your life is not to be compared to panned out so well. Prospecting par mine," said the young tellow, barshly. ties were organized. The dry camp "My stepmother thinks I am a bad lot, Church of Weston, Oregon, on the First could not be found. The little lake and I suppose I am. It would seem and Third Sundays in each month, was lost also. It persists in staying queer enough to have any one speak morning and evening. Sunday school at lost. But these men are industrious well of me. I know I den't deserve it."

and persevering -at prospecting. The "And why don't you try to deserve hills along the trail are full of prospect it?" asked Ray, gently. "I have been holes. The love of gold is potent in thinking how badly your mother would the human breast. Not a summer passes feel, were she alive, to know that you but some sanguine party prospects these were going so far away. Please don't hills. Many have tried and failed. But be augry, Jack-but I'm afraid you each year adds new recruits to the num- haven't done just right, and I do think Obtained, and all Patent Business at ber of the faithful. He who formed one you owe it to the memory of your moth-

charge; and we charge no fee unless parties-sometimes of gray headed men, the fog-bell at the Head was borne to

the trip of much of its romance. The girl, who made a pleasant picture to incidental murder of Hilton while on a look upon, with her earnest eyes, her prospecting trip has evidently added fair clustering hair, and her slender. ty of riches. A tresh impetus has been "Miss Ray, do you hear that bell! It given to the prospecting business. Be. warns all mariners from the rocks. I

sides, did not the Indians say that they have been near the rocks a good many knew where there was plenty of gold, times in the last two or three years,"and do we not know that the Redskins he shivered slightly-"and you are the are great prospectors and that they first person who has taken the trouble never lie about such things. Here is strong corroboration of the old story.

Of course there must be gold there and plenty of it, and who is airaid of Indians. The consequence of this logical dates. The consequence of this logical dates. But I loved have given them reason. But I loved their faculties may be thus sharpdisus. The consequence of this logical have given them teacher. The reare full of prospectors. More than the iterated with a hungry emphasis—"and

half proudly. "Then the next day perhaps, I would get off with some of the

boys and get into a scrape before I knew it. I don't blame father for sending me est. away. Indeed I am rather glad of the chance to see something of the world. But I might have gone away feeling careless whether I did well or ill. I dare not make any premises, but if ever I return to America a man of the right sort, they may thank and bless you for

bye new, for I have to see about getting rust or smut. my luggage to the city." Ray smiled radiantly at Jack when their Summer fallow. They expect he held out his hand.

have said to-night is any good, I shall their labor. he so happy." He laughed a little at her enthusi-

asm, and said rather awkwardly: have planted 15 acres of potatoes which "Miss Ray, may I-will you give me look well. They expect a yield of 1,000 something to remember you by? A bit to 1,200 bushels. of ribbon-"

He paused, thinking he had been too

bold; Int she caught at the idea eager-

ly, and taking a tiny coral anchor from

the bunch of charms at her throat, she fastened it to the lad's watch chain. He watched her silently, a wistful look gathering in his eyes, and when

ring, reverential, farewell caress. Something more than seven years later, Ray Edmonds, a charming women | that the mule race that he refers to in with shining braids of hair and sweet the East Oregonian will come off at no clear eyes, was spending some days of distant day, if he and his mule Benjamid-winter at an old fashioned country min are on hand,

Children and grandchildren, uncles,

aunts, nephews and nieces, with a few intimate friends, were gathered under the nespitalible roof to celebrate the for the President upon the high ground golden wedding of the aged couple who had first settled there. New arrivals came at intervals. Ray swept down into the parlor looking

exquisitely lovely in her soft, trailing robes, the golden braids crowning right royally the small, graceful head. The children were playing games in the great kitchen, and bursts of noisy merriment came in through the open

One of the elders glanced out and Ray and her father were boarding then said with a smile: A little ripple of amusement went

> by gone days when he or she had joined in the same game. Presently the "postmaster," a precocious-looking lad of twelve, peered into "Is Cousin Ray here?" he asked, and

then as he espied her he announced with a flourish, "a foreign letter in the office for Miss Ray Edmonds." Ray, smiling graciously at the boy's and for the woman to second his acun, proceeded to the "postoffice."

entered and closed it carefully. Then she saw, not a roguish and smil- self with patiently polishing up a ing little urchin as she had expected, few shabby old spoons when vigorbut a tall, broad-shouldered, bearded ous exertion would give him dozens

eyes thrilled her strangely.

A faint flush crept into her fair cheek teringly. He lifted the dark hair from his fore- has tarnished, and useless, because and like a flash her thoughts went back

to that August night seven years before, when she had given Jack Grey be just as far out on the other side. her coral anchor. Instantly her klender hands went into the strong brown ones open to receive

them, and the flush on her cheek deepened to crimson. "Jack! You are my foreign letter?" "Yes, Ray. My chum's invitation to ome home with him was gladly accepted when I learned that you were to be among the guests. Ray, the memory of your words to me when I was a wild me from the rocks. It has been the our actions. Our thoughts may be make myself worthy of your friendship

and-your love. Will you say something to me, Ray?" For she had turned her head aside,

cheek and one tiny year. "I am not ashamed to woo you for us beyond the grave. With respect my wife, Ray. If I am too late that is to them alone we cannot say th t TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED HATS, my misfortune and my misery. But if we shall carry nothing with us when there is any hope for me, for heaven's we die, neither that we shall go na. Feathers. sake give me one little word. I am on- ked out of the world. Our actions ly a rough sailer, dear, and have not the must clothe us with an immortaliknack of saying this sort of thing in a ty, loathsome or glorious. These graceful way, but I love you and you are the only title deeds of which we

Then Ray, smiling and blushing still, lifted two levely, tear-wet eyes to her as nothing; and their value will be lover's face, and said shyly:

letter, Jack." What next occurred I have no right to tell, but the young "postmaster," who was not above peeping, presently was close to civilization and this robbed ral to him, as he bent toward the young announced in disgusted tones that "Mr. Grey and Ray Edmonds did not seem to think anybody else wanted to play

'posteffice;' they were having the game

out all alone."

It is not only for the sake of making a good carpenter or mason ing but the that we should teach a boy to use tools, nor only to make a good may become exact in thinking as

Cold Spring Tidings. NORTH COLD SPRING, June 15th. Hay harvest has commenced in earn

Weod hauling is the order of the

Wm. Harrison from Snake river is with us once mere. Some of the farmers around here are beginning to complain about too much it. I must say good-night and good- rain. They are afraid the wheat will

from ten to twelve bushels per acre "Oh, I am so glad, Jack. If what I more, which will well pay them for Rice Langtry and Sam Sample, two of Cold Spring's industrious young men,

Some of the farmers are replowing

Frank Smith from Willow creek is visiting friends and relatives on Cold Spring. He tells us that the grain in that part of the country looks well and will average from fifteen to twenty

bushels per acre. Horse racing has become quite prethe girl lifted her head and met that valent on Cold Spring. There will be gaze, she placed two white hands upon a race Saturday, June 27th, between his shoulders and innocently raised her Jim Ctark's Buckskin mare and Cotmouth to receive wild Jack Grey's adothe prize money.

LONGFELLOW.

J. G. Clark wishes to inform Horace

The President's House. There are various projects entertained for the building of a private house north of Washington. This plan will leave the present building simply to be On the evening of the eventful day dent. It is not generally known that the White House was originally built of brownstone. It was called then "the President's house," a much better name than the ugly one of the executive mansion. After it was burned out during the war of 1812 the brownstone was painted white. From that day it has been known as the White House. John Adams was the first President who ever occupied this building. It was, however, only partially completed during his term. The East room was not lathed or plastered then. John Quincy-Adams was the first President who ocompied it after it was restored. There has been no change in it from that time until this, with the exception of adding from time to time pieces of interior dec-

oration or furniture. In the material affairs of life it is for the man to take the initiative tion. It is for him to endeaver to She opened the door of the little room improve bad conditions, and for her She opened the door of the little room improve bad conditions, and for her taken possession of by the youngsters, to make the bost of what she has. ADAMS MEAT MARKET The man who would content himman, whose dark, eager, questioning more would be a mean-spirited, unenterprising fool who would never gain success because he would nev-A faint flush crept into her tair encest. gain success to But a woman who if do not understand," she began fal-er deserve it. But a woman who is the success to But a woman who worth in worth in head with a quick, graceful gesture, uncleansed, while going out of the way to add to the amount of her already neglected pessessions, would A woman who should neglect her home and children that she might make out of doors the money she could save by personal superintendence within would be a mistake; but the man had better go and dig his neighbor's field for wages than giving his time to trimming his own

yews into fantastic shapes. The only thing in which we can boy, and this little talisman, have kept be said to have any property are one ambition of my life in these years to bad, yet produce no poison; they MRS. A. CARDEN may be good, yet produce no fruit. Our riches may be taken from us by misfortune, our reputation by malice, our spirits by calamity, our and he could see only a fair, flushed health by disease, our friends by death; but our actions must follow are the one woman is all the world for cannot be disinherited; they will have their full weight in the balance of eternity, when everything else is call and examine it. confirmed and established by those "I think you are a very interesting two sure destroyers of all earthly things-time and death.

Fashion rules the world. A prominent manufacturer of bicycles and tricycles says his company could have sold a thousand tricycles to ladies in Washington had not Belva Lockwood taken the field first and made them unfashionable. Countryman (at box office)-Gimme

ing but the best goes. Gimme orches

two seats. Treasurer-Do you want contiguous seats? Countrymen-No,

sir. I'm on my weddin' tour, an' noth-

of the postage—8 cents. Let us hear from you. Respectfully,

MONTCOMERY WARD & CO.

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"Yes," said Jones, "when my wife

mmens 0 0 0 Goods

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or sale. For further particulars apply to the undersigned.

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